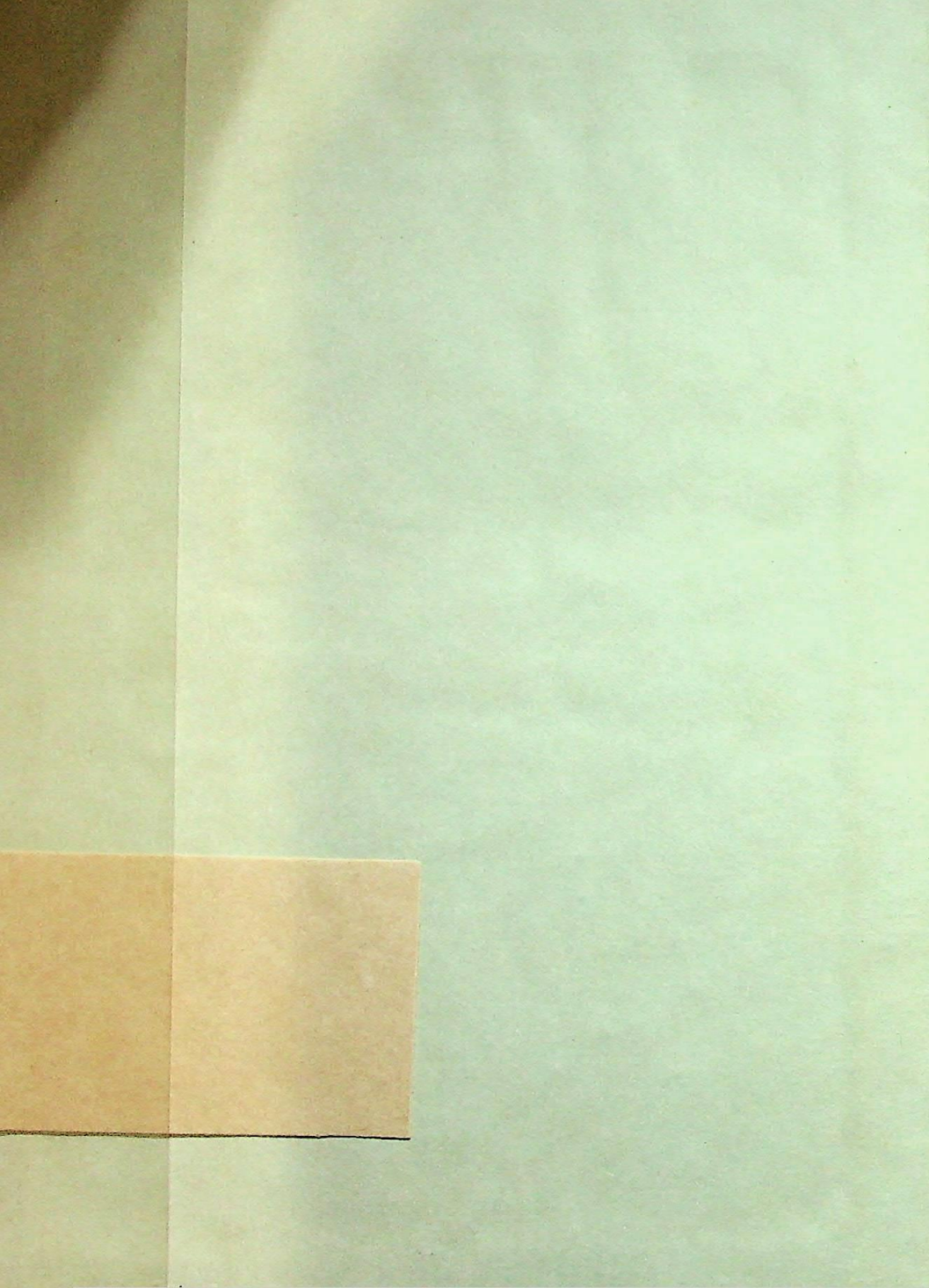




A SECOND BOOK OF VERSE  
REFLECTIONS  
Siddhartha Gigoo  
A WRITERS WORKSHOP REDBIRD BOOK













REFLECTIONS  
Siddhartha Gigoo

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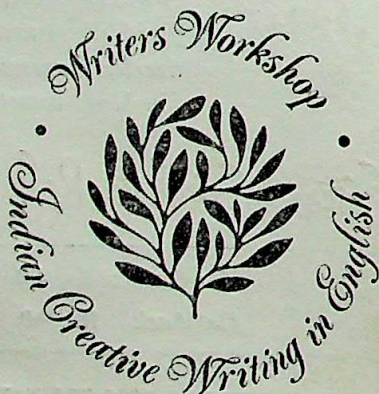
*Flexiback* : Rs. 40

ISBN 81-7189-770-3 (HB)

ISBN 81-7189-771-1 (FB)



WRITERS WORKSHOP books are published by P. Lal from 162/92 Lake Gardens, Calcutta 700045, India. Hand-set in Times Roman typeface and printed by Suman Dhar on an Indian-make hand-operated machine at Sreeram Mudrani, Calcutta 700032 (Phone 72-1796) on special paper made in India. Layout and lettering by P. Lal with a Sheaffer calligraphy pen. All gold-embossing done by hand. Handbound with handloom sari cloth woven in India. This book is entirely hand set, letter by letter; as a result, minor printer's gremlins are sometimes regrettably unavoidable.





# REFLECTIONS

Siddhartha

Gigoo

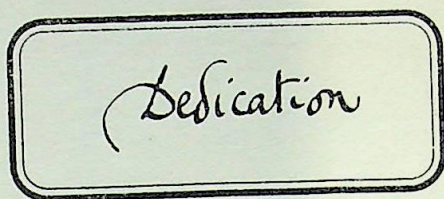


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## The Author

Siddhartha Gigoo was born at Srinagar in Kashmir on March 20, 1974. At present, he is studying in B.A. Part II at Udhampur in Jammu and Kashmir State. This is his second book of verse, the first being *Fall and Other Poems* brought out by WRITERS WORKSHOP in 1994. He is a columnist for two English dailies published from Jammu. Besides, he writes short stories and plays upon the flute.





for  
BHAWANA





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STRANGERS

You and I,  
strangers  
amid strange faces,  
swerve  
from one beginning  
to another.  
The undulating flames of life  
warn us.

So  
untie the knots,  
let the Self wander  
and cling no more  
to the ropes of patience.  
Time is the wealth  
that Brahma squanders.

One,  
two,  
and three  
— the paces of life —  
are not eternal.

Not even  
*Tat Tvam Asi*  
can unite us.  
You and I  
are still strangers.

## DREAM

The walls of separation  
fall,  
announce  
messages sublime.  
We,  
neither known  
nor unknown,  
crumple ourselves  
into an agony;  
leave the storm of life  
unabated;  
pick up inane words from the sanctuary  
to construct new lines  
meaningless;  
waver  
and gyrate  
amid throes of death;  
move from nothingness  
to nothingness,  
and finally linger  
like dry leaves  
upon a dry willow.



## THE WOMB

Inside the womb . . .

raw flesh, raw bones;  
infant blood flowing  
in narrow veins;  
blind visions;  
no words, no dreams;  
no spaces;  
the feel of existence,  
breath  
and singleness.

Outside the womb . . .

an escape from youth;  
a deformity;  
an autumn sunset  
floating in the beverage;  
a mosquito  
brooding on the blade  
of a ceiling fan;  
a dancing moth  
circling the filament  
and searching a desolate destination;  
the death of a cancerous tobacconist

And here am I  
in the womb,  
unborn  
awaiting rebirth.

## THE SUN

12 o'clock.

Noon.

Summer.

I look at the sun.

Hard for me.

The face  
and the cracks  
— the partition —  
death!

It comes out  
and  
goes in,  
that "something in me".  
What?  
a conflict!  
a paradox!

Romance —  
But it is fire  
all around.  
Hot sand.  
Uncertainty!

At last  
a curse  
a mischief  
and the round sun.



BURIAL

With my own hands  
I  
bury her  
under the autumn-dust  
and  
watch the wind blow dry leaves  
over  
her cold flesh.

She no more breathes,  
no more gifts a kiss,  
no more smells of roses,  
but  
I see her  
weeping alone  
on a distant cloud.

I see no people  
no civilisations  
no shadows  
no gods or goddesses  
but only a face  
and blue eyes  
bluer than the cosmic scene  
until  
I perish  
and embrace the soft bones  
of my blue-eyed daughter.

## DELIVERANCE

Life stinks of coal-tar  
when it is time  
to cast off the aged skin  
and smear the forehead  
with holy ash.

Impermanence prevails  
until  
all youth,  
spent recklessly over time-bound  
hallucinations and mirages,  
is ancient phenomenon.

The Gun-man awaits me  
at the barricade.  
Therefore,  
sin,  
annihilate  
and conquer.  
Holiness is no deliverance.



NIGHTMARES

Sleep slowly maturing into fullness  
mingles with nightmares  
of short duration.

I see  
a pack of angry humans  
wild,  
hungry  
and bloodthirsty  
waiting under hanging infant bodies  
slaughtered.

A mouthful of words  
disables a shriek  
a yell  
a loud cry  
that could burst my sleep.

I see  
numbers, figures, a question-mark  
and the jumbled letters  
of a familiar word  
and then suddenly  
the ruins of a temple,  
stones falling from space  
into a chasm,  
a wounded smile playing  
upon the wounded edge  
of the knife.

I hear  
an echo playing hide and seek  
with sound unheard.

I feel  
a conscious struggle  
awakened  
to overcome dumbness.  
Then  
a quiver,  
a rupture;  
a lacerated spell ends,  
and in the course of the sequence  
I yearn for a dream  
at dawn.



SUPRA-CONSCIOUSNESS

The door opens,  
the veil is lifted,  
the beats of a drum  
fall,  
one by one,  
upon the airy surface  
of consciousness  
and solidify  
slowly  
into silence and no-time  
to be heard  
beyond  
in supra-consciousness.

The journey  
through nothingness  
is not the end  
nor the beginning.  
It lasts an eternity.

I—  
the Dot,  
the Universe,  
the Origin.

## SHAME

Words

looked at me,  
encaged me,  
laughed at me,  
threw debts at my face,  
pecked at my noble heart,  
wove webs of bondage  
and danced a deathly dance.

Words

mastered my spirits,  
drove my passion,  
held the reins of my reason,  
robbed me of my self,  
gambled with me  
a deceitful gamble  
and put me at stake.

Stoically

I watched the words  
tear to pieces the robes of my honour  
and in nakedness  
reward me  
with everlasting shame  
and disgrace  
for  
theft,  
fraud  
and treason.



## THE RENEGADES

Towards the end of the day  
we,  
the outcastes,  
intellectual renegades,  
useless breathing corpses  
measure  
and weigh  
the empty spaces within our hearts.  
We  
select apt words,  
use them,  
let them wander to exhale verses  
and free them.

The evening prayers rend the skies.  
We  
hear collisions—  
truth, falsehood and deceit.  
A barrenness resounds.  
Renunciation.

We  
desirous of the unprotected word  
—Love—  
think  
dream  
and subside  
pityingly.

We  
silently hum a familiar tune  
of an unfamiliar song  
and retreat homewards  
awaiting  
a new morning.

## DEJECTION

The sun is harsh on me;  
every moment long,  
difficult  
and hard.

Music met with a new beginning  
when

I broke the strings of my violin  
and hung it on the wall.

Words were no longer a passion  
when

I burnt the pages of my poetry  
and felt secure in the evening rosary.

Fear and docility got crushed  
under my feet  
when

I stepped into the slaughter-house  
out of dejection  
and left smiling

with a desire to be one of those encaged  
who wait for the last cold embrace  
of Death  
but not to be slaughtered.



## THE SMILE

A smile clings to a smile  
and inscribes  
on the crust of her lips  
signs  
of old age.

That broken rainbow-like smile  
enchains the living  
but not the dead  
for whom  
there is no fire  
inside the burning chambers  
of the morgue.

The smile shall soon become  
a vegetable  
for the ravens;  
so  
destroy that smile;  
let it rot and decay  
before it performs a miracle;  
raze it to a shambles;  
dig nails into the scab  
that leaves a blotch  
on the face  
and slaughter the smile  
that makes  
and unmakes  
a prostitute.

## EXISTENCE

Waiting is pain  
which digs  
the floor of transcendence.

Digging and digging  
create emptiness.

A hollow cell bursts  
and a tremor pervades  
the inside  
of the shell.

At last  
the churning spills venom  
upon the treasure  
of patience.

The flame extinguishes.  
The part merges into the whole.  
In the tug of war  
the rope finally breaks.

What follows?

A blast  
and then the emergence  
of Non-Self  
out of  
I.



SEASON

What bells peal inside?  
The suburbs of summer  
sprawling out into my soul  
suckling on peace and solitude  
cripple my concentration.

A season of youth and fire  
is over;  
the sacred syllable is lost  
in the quietude;  
warm ashes of heat  
stick to my forehead  
and mix with the rivulet  
of perspiration.

Life remains undestroyed.

The corpse that I carry  
on my shoulder  
squeals  
at the breath of winter.

If Siva won't dance  
his brave dance of death  
I shall pine for love  
once more  
in the outskirts of some ancient season.

## IMAGINE

Imagine  
we are strangers,  
we see  
each other  
in cold winter.  
Imagine  
our meeting  
at twilight.  
Imagine  
a colourless universe.

Imagine  
there is no nature  
around.

You smile  
gently  
and lisp a word  
unheard.

Imagine  
your breath floats  
into mine.

Imagine  
the beginning  
of new togetherness.

Imagine  
ages in that moment  
short-lived.

And imagine  
the everlasting embrace  
in love.



BELONGINGS

The words she utters,  
the dreams she sees,  
the things she touches  
are not mine.

The tongue she speaks  
is strange,  
unknown,  
mysterious.

The land she rests her feet on  
does not belong to me.  
But the shadows that fall here  
are ours.

## NEW ROOTS

19 January 1990,  
the colour of fright,  
an unvoiced decree  
and the last metamorphosis.

Afar—  
a sunset on the stairs,  
blood dripping on the saffron-bud,  
fear,  
shrieks,  
the deafening curfew  
a gaping wound on the forehead  
and paralysis of the shadow.

Exile shakes the pillars of conscience,  
a caravan of days is lost.  
We have no seasons,  
no walls to hang pictures  
of ancestors.

History weeps through the eyes of the old,  
and children,  
housed under canvas,  
play mute.

A snake-bite  
a sun-stroke  
an accident  
and then the curtain.

A civilisation dangles between  
the horoscope and the computer;  
the young see visions  
even at the crematorium.



*Reflections*

Dreams of settlement flow.  
A new strangeness  
a new land  
and the nomads discover  
some new roots.

## OLD AGE

Frozen memories melt  
slowly  
and reflect some images  
of tears and laughter.

Some unwritten words  
seek the corners  
of her lips.

The wasted youth  
seeks the throne  
of her palm.

Don't cultivate nettles  
on the raw wounds  
of old age.

Feed my infirmity  
to the fishes  
and  
I dance naked  
with the young daughters  
of the merry fishermen.



BLASPHEMY

The aftermath of a confession  
comes out  
of an egg-shell—  
lame,  
breathless,  
tired—  
and cuts through the glass  
of belief.

Nothing shall emerge  
from the three entities—  
thought, word and music—  
until  
the hand plucks the lotus  
from the mire.

They all say  
plucking the lotus  
from the mire  
is a blasphemy.

## ORPHANS

Faces, poetic faces.

What religions

what faiths

what beliefs

what narrow views and sentiments

and what injuries inflicted upon their innocence  
are known to them?

I just remember

faces,

dead souls of a dead womb

and the customers of pain

and apathy.

With no mothers, no fathers

no families to talk to,

no imperishable agreements

or disagreements,

no lullabies for their infancy

no delicacies for their youth

they are

guilty of their own guiltlessness

and I

a sinner,

cursing irony and fate,

return relaxed

to my home

in search of a listener

for my new verse.



## DESERTION

Imperfect beginnings steal innocence  
from a lover  
blinded by the arrow.

Loneliness,  
melancholy  
and craving  
hasten to excavate  
the realms of the unknown.

Hangman's noose is a mockery  
and knots a joke  
when the beginning of an occupation  
—death—  
throws open the vacant goals  
to sprout  
termination and freedom.

Wretched divinity draws  
a circle of silence  
and I advance  
towards the limits  
where  
the fragments of the Being  
revolve  
and rotate.

The rewards are distributed  
somewhere else.  
So let the child  
in the garden  
pick up the catapult  
and run.

## SIN

Religion reeks a foul smell  
of sacrifice,  
penance,  
awakening  
and bliss.

Religion speaks of karma to the idlers,  
faith to the outsiders,  
wisdom to the ignorant  
truth to the untruthful,  
and glory to the seekers of the Self.

Religion leads us  
towards sublimity  
in darkness.

A lunatic lifts the lid  
from the abyss of religion  
and finds  
the origin is sin.

Epilogue:  
Hurl stones at the sinner  
for salvation.



POETRY AND MUSIC

From preparedness to unpreparedness,  
from completeness to incompleteness,  
from union to separation,  
from certainty to uncertainty,  
from belief to disbelief  
and then

I

flowing from the outerself  
into the innerself.

Telling the beads in some corner  
is no ecstasy.

Therefore,

let the soul wander  
and bleed

till

poetry and music  
merge.

## MEDITATION

The dream splits  
to throw on the sense  
numberless scenes  
and recollections.  
The beauty I chose once  
reddened,  
faded,  
dried  
in yet another accomplishment.

Long ago

I placed a mirror  
in front of a mirror  
and the end was seen  
nowhere.

The distances, short and long,  
were always  
short and long.

So why fret about parting  
and no-return.

For me

the umbra and penumbra  
lie separated  
while in union;  
the Black Hole has a vent  
and no more swathes  
the forces,  
and the fire starts to cool  
in an unknown season  
of silence  
and meditation.



*Reflections*

## PEACE

Music shut the windows of my return  
to delight and sadness  
a long time ago  
before the ripening of fruits  
in love's orchard  
when a lizard stole the serenity  
from a distant observer  
grown quiet  
at the edges of boredom  
and sloth.

The beginning crawls to touch  
an end.

I shall not sing to the girl,  
deaf and dumb  
with no tear-drops  
inbetween her eyelids  
and no dreams  
of dancing and trembling  
like a fish.

I shall not say  
that I am dead here  
but alive there  
amid her whispers  
and silences  
when lives gird on to lives,  
days pile upon days,  
undying hours multiply  
to watch  
Love's naked body,  
decked with roses unreal,  
wither

in sombre resplendence.

I shall not rain  
upon the pavement  
on which she sat once  
and grew old  
unable to conjure up images  
of wild immortality  
while all alone.

I shall not live to be vanquished  
by the jingle of her anklets,  
the fragrance of her breath  
and the voice of her footsteps.

The cage of temptation breaks,  
puts forth an order,  
oneness,  
unity  
together in camouflage  
to spread  
birthlessness and deathlessness.

An invocation of the final word:  
PEACE.



DAMNATION

Midnight,  
a skyscraper,  
busiest apartment,  
hundredth storey.

I look from the window  
—a million lights,  
eleven-lane roads,  
flyovers,  
cars moving at 100 miles per hour  
no flower-pots  
no green leaves  
no shallow waters  
no time to think  
“how lonely I am!”

“Look into the dust-bin  
for some sadness” speaks the mirror,

No empty buses  
wait  
for the passengers  
in the city  
where  
morality is a bane.

Men sing no more  
of the warm breasts of women  
but seek refuge  
in the desert storms  
and behold  
the formation of new sand-dunes.

The old ones vanish  
with the winds  
into silence  
and nothingness.

This is no land for poets.  
Artists are crucified,  
the lutes of shepherds broken,  
lovers excommunicated,  
tried,  
afterwards electrocuted.

Savages feed the nations,  
wars give birth to boundaries,  
countries to mimic governments,  
art is auctioned.

The visitors to museums  
are extinct.  
The State is the Politician.

This is the country  
for the benefited  
where  
the unemployed learn  
to relinquish  
and reconcile.



## FINGERS

Fingers shape the thumped clay  
and carve  
the relics of our civilisation—  
tribal earthenware  
destined to slavery  
in the museums.

Fingers play upon the flute  
and drop the bomb  
to turn the blood of children  
into acid.

Fingers hold the magic lamp  
to win the crown  
for the king.

Fingers offer the temptation  
to conquer land.

Fingers peel history  
and watch  
the rope, the guillotine and the signature.

Fingers ease the labour-pain  
and dig the earth  
to bury the infant.

Fingers still adorn the garland  
of a cannibal  
and worship the dead.

The fingers are  
the coronation,  
the razor's edge  
and the final sentence.

## IDENTIFICATION-MARK

Ice melts;  
the Siberian cranes tremble,  
perspire  
and fly towards the Sahara.

The black God sends his Bull  
to free us.  
So let us take the Ration Cards along  
and leave the credentials  
for the thirsty flames.

I too stand in the queue  
for identification.



MIRROR

The dark look penetrates the night;  
the lips watch the eyes smile;  
the nails scratch the ceiling;  
the wound gapes at the pink bosom  
and the folds of the sari  
unfold.

Even the mirror isn't a mirror.

Memories settle upon the ash-tray;  
tears wet the woollen rug;  
the black hair turns white;  
the song touches the finger-tips  
and the cold face rests  
on the warm lap

Even the mirror isn't a mirror.

A look,  
a word,  
a gesture.

The mirror is no more a mirror.

## ANNUNCIATION

Memories crawl out of the night's womb  
to erode the passion  
for life.

The pines,  
the mist,  
the night,  
the unseen illustrations of nature  
hidden,  
resound: Loneliness.

Nature forgets to perform  
its task  
as the dusky blackness carves  
uncanny shapes in the dark.  
Some desires get pruned,  
some dreams turn stony.  
Here surrounds the spirit,  
the myth,  
born of a desire to carve  
holy figures  
out of silent musings.

I encounter  
a queer mystery,  
an annunciation:  
"All things born for me  
wither  
in the arms of nature."



## EVACUATION

Evacuation awakens in me  
a dawn of oblivion.  
All past is dissolved.  
Time creeps up,  
moment by moment,  
upon the hazy surroundings  
and erupts  
into a wild laughter,  
a drunken fit.

Evacuation renders me  
soul-less.  
All visions fade.  
A petrified shadow  
leans  
against an alien well  
and waits.

Evacuation lashes me  
into a pause,  
a punishment  
and a sacrifice.  
The past,  
the present  
and the future  
shrink into a unity  
and fly  
leaving behind  
a time-less persistence of Being.  
Evacuation leaves me breathless  
but the moon still shines  
in my breast.

Burn the music of mourning  
or else  
meditate.

## DARK BLOTS

Words for the dumb;  
songs for the deaf;  
visions for the blind;  
freedom for the slaves  
and slavery for the free.

I see some dark blots  
on the pages  
of History.

Legends and myths for the ignorant;  
ignorance for the learned;  
victory for the vanquished;  
defeat for the victorious  
and sanity for the insane.

The dark blots shadow  
crucifixion  
of the noble.



COMPANIONS

Not the objects of Nature,  
not the moon,  
the sun  
and the stars  
are my companions.

My companions are  
the objects that you touch,  
the songs that you sing,  
the words that you kiss,  
the days that you live  
and the moments  
that are yours  
and mine.

## SUICIDE

Life chases me through the streets  
of my love  
like a mad butcher  
while death feeds a sparrow  
at her doorstep.

Life chases me through the night's wilderness  
while freedom seeks a bird  
in a cage.

I run,  
hide,  
swoon  
and life carries me back  
from her shadow  
to coarser pavements,  
whitewashed loneliness  
and dark pain.

One last puff and then home.



## ASHES

One by one they all join hands  
in a queue  
for cremation and burial.  
The messengers of death  
make merry;  
the wild fire sucks the blood;  
the survivor sets up  
pyre upon pyre,  
tomb upon tomb  
and the unidentified float quietly  
in the river of the dead.  
The sons of Time distribute  
the goods slowly—  
riots for the poor,  
prostitution for the rich  
and bones for the scavenger.

Let us rejoice for the dead  
and grieve for the living  
as we go  
from ashes to ashes.

Listening to the music of love  
I prepare  
for the hangover,  
the last breath  
and my turn to be cremated.

## IMAGES

Years pass.  
Stones lift their veils  
and speak to me  
of dreams, memories  
and fantasies;  
wipe off slush  
from their foreheads,  
articulate in soft whispers  
the secret desires  
for adorning her pathways.

The warm waters silence the waves  
feel empty within,  
blush,  
freeze to hear  
the sound of her bangles  
the rustle of her sari  
and stealthily,  
as if unnoticed,  
extend colourless water-drops  
to float across  
and take away the henna  
of her feet.

My hollow words sink deep  
into their own depths  
and fight to be the last  
that comes from her lips.



## NOSTALGIA

At the edge of the world  
a civilisation  
mesmerised by some outcry  
constructs houses  
out of wet sand,  
stands blabbed at destiny  
and weeps.

The nostalgia is the termite  
that eats up  
the pillars of old age.

The dead depart with the drums,  
the new-born learn to chase lizards  
and the living read  
newspapers.

The old crave to eat the tamarind  
of the saffron-land.  
Here the night has learnt  
to enunciate  
softly into their ears  
lullabies  
of a new land  
and lull them to a peaceful sleep.

## APATHY

There are moments when  
much happens in the world  
unnoticed,  
unseen,  
unfelt;  
when

I can't see the beautiful  
and the fragile,  
the lovely and the dreamy,  
when

I hear the whispers of extermination,  
the voices of naked children,  
the sobs of widows,  
when

no one weeps over alien corpses,  
the dying men of a dying area,  
the crippled  
sighing in the shade of excommunication,  
when

I feel the nearness of an end  
the beginnings of a beginning  
the birth of a New Child—  
savage  
but noble,  
ignorant  
but true.



## YOUTH

Youth is sitting idle,  
being sad,  
listening to afternoon ragas,  
cracking groundnuts on the terrace,  
emptying cups of tea,  
breathing,  
whimpering,  
sighing  
at love and failure.

Youth is when life's memorable utterances  
turn meaningless  
and are unlearned  
when  
poetry is freed from the cage  
and fed  
to the farmers in the fields,  
the fishermen in the seas,  
when  
we banish words and reason  
out of dissatisfaction  
and submerge into nausea  
and boredom.

Yet I watch the flowers of defeat  
fall,  
one by one,  
at her feet.

## KRISHNA

Let me alone tonight;  
the decay takes its toll;  
the flowers are nowhere  
and no tears wash  
the stains of loneliness.

The creation was death  
for me.

I hear the revelation:  
Run away from the cloud  
that doesn't rain  
and see the twilight  
that hides in her hair.

The cows are not grazing.  
Come  
and dance to the notes  
of my flute.



FREEDOM

I am a bird in a cage  
dreaming of freedom  
and a long flight.  
Fetch me the price of freedom.  
Fetch me the semblance.

"Freedom is the woman in white  
who is walking alone  
towards the shore,"  
speaks the peacock.

"Freedom is the air outside the bars,"  
speaks the wanderer.

But I am a bird in a cage  
dreaming of freedom  
and a long flight.

## SHADOWS

The sun rose high  
and there was darkness  
once again.

The shadows crouched  
on the beds  
and slept  
under the blankets  
to dream.

Men, women, and children  
emerged  
from the feet of the shadows  
and climbed the walls.

The sun sank  
and the darkness illuminated  
the pathways.

Men, women and children  
put the blankets  
over themselves  
and dreamed of light  
shaping itself  
into a cone of blackness.

The shadows rows  
and toiled  
for a living.



CLIPPINGS

Clippings from the youth —  
Fits.

I slew the passion.  
Instinct, desire and dream  
were one.

Life yawned  
and death stood naked  
with its mouth open.

Inaction caused boredom  
and  
spiritual debauchery.

A stillness,  
a movement,  
a turbulence  
and then  
extinction.

## AN AUTUMN EVENING

Time has unfolded its wings,  
the sea has changed  
from jade to crimson  
but still  
I see a black sunset  
and hear  
the whimper of a motherless child.

Each stone that I throw  
into the stagnant waters  
sinks deep  
to fathom the depth.  
The surface remains unfathomed  
and carries unbroken reflections  
towards the shores  
until  
they too sink.

I  
erupt into a scream,  
dissipate  
like smoke  
and vanish secretly.



SHADOW IN EXILE

A homeless shadow  
in search  
of a new home,  
a partner  
wanders with a feeling  
that death is near.

Youth digging its sharp teeth into itself  
listening to woes,  
to stories of despair  
and cries of pain  
wanders with a feeling  
that death is near.

The face of a shadow  
and  
the face of youth  
look into each other  
passionately  
and discover a love and craving  
for death.

## CURFEW AND RAPE

A knock—  
the door opens  
and  
a thud.

A body is unveiled.

The boatman's daughter  
grotes for the cord,  
lies still,  
emaciated  
and panting  
in the arms  
of curfew and rape.



SEE REFUSES TO SING

She refuses to sing  
of love and togetherness  
while in my arms  
with me and no one else.

She refuses to sing.

She knows the exit  
of our labyrinth  
but dare not say  
she knows the way.

She is in my arms  
but feels the presence  
of someone else—  
breath,  
laughter  
and pulse.

She refuses to sing.

Through the lone window  
of the night  
she murmurs the syllables  
in my arms  
with tiredness,  
weariness,  
fret,  
and closes her eyes  
to fall asleep.

## DEATH

A heart attack  
and then  
symbols  
moving rapidly  
in front of eyes—

the palm of Death;  
the clothes of the dead;  
the shroud;  
the journey;  
the four final words  
and  
the flames.

What state is this?



DESTINY

Circles and circles.  
It is fine geometry  
all over.

A network of lines  
leaving,  
coming.

Patterns have no beginning,  
no end.

Here,  
and there.

Inside  
and outside.

Finally it is done.

## TIME

The leaves of the calendar,  
Obscurity,  
Time,  
Slow death  
and immortality.  
What wish remains unfulfilled?  
Which dream turns solid?  
Again an illusion.


One more child is born  
to grow  
and vanish.



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# *Writers Workshop*

## *Creative Writing*

A B C D  
E F G H  
I J K L  
M N O P  
Q R S T  
U V W X  
Y Z 

a b  
c d  
e f g h  
i j k l  
m n o p  
q r s t  
u v w x  
y z



# Writers Workshop

WRITERS WORKSHOP was founded in 1958. It consists of a group of writers who agree in principle that English has proved its ability, as a language, to play a creative role in Indian literature, through original writing and transcreation. Its task is that of defining and substantiating the role by discussion and diffusion of creative writing and transcreation from India, the Commonwealth, and other English-using countries.

Discussions are held on Sunday morning at 162/92 Lake Gardens, Calcutta 700045, India, and diffusion done through a series of books issued under the WORKSHOP imprint. Since 1971 the WORKSHOP has laid increasing emphasis on its publishing programme. A complete, descriptive 100-page illustrated checklist of over 3000 books and cassettes is available for Rs 10, in money order or postage stamps.

The WORKSHOP is non-profit and non-political. It consists of writers sympathetic to the ideals and principles commonly accepted as embodied in creative writing; it is concerned with practice not theorising, helpful criticism not iconoclasm, the torch not the sceptre, experimentation without eccentricity.

The WORKSHOP publishes a periodical book-journal, *The New Miscellany*, devoted to creative writing. It is not a house magazine; as a rule it gives preference to experimental work by young and unpublished writers, its two chief criteria for selection being high imaginative awareness and mature technique. Established writers appear in its pages if their work meets those standards. *The New Miscellany* does not carry advertising. Sufficient postage (registered mail) should accompany book manuscripts and magazine submissions if their return is desired.

One can become a Member or an Associate by written application to the Secretary, which requires the support of two members and approval by majority on committee. Members are writers with published work to their credit. To be an Associate requires agreement with the aims and objects of WRITERS WORKSHOP, active interest in creative writing, and a willingness to lend practical assistance to WORKSHOP activities. Subscription to *The New Miscellany* automatically confers Associate membership. Further details are available from the Director, P. Lal, at the WORKSHOP address: 162/92 Lake Gardens, Calcutta 700045 (Phone: 473-4325 and 473-2683).

## Indian Creative Writing in English



